

For you in my respect are nill the world.

Then how can it be said I am alone,
When all the world is heere to looke on me?

Dem. Ile run from thee, and hide me in the brakes,
And leaue thee to the mercy of wilde beafts.

Hel. The wildest hath not such a heart as you;
Runne when you will, the story shall be chang'd:
Apollo flies, and *Daphne* holds the chase;
The *Doue* pursues the *Griffin*, the milde *Hinde*
Makes speed to catch the *Tyger*. Bootlesse speede,
When cowardise pursues, and valour flies.

Demet. I will not stay thy questions, let me go;
Or if thou follow me, doe not beleuee,
But I shall doe thee mischief in the wood.

Hel. I, in the Temple, in the Towne, and Field
You doe me mischief. Fye *Demetrius*,
Your wrongs doe set a scandall on my sexe:
We cannot fight for loue, as men may doe;
We should be woo'd, and were not made to wooe.
I follow thee, and make a heauen of hell,
To die vpon the hand I loue so well.

Ob. Fare thee well Nymph, ere he do leaue this groue,
Thou shalt slee him, and he shall seeke thy loue.
Hast thou the flower there? Welcome wanderer.

Enter Pucke.

Puck. I, there it is.

Ob. I pray thee giue it me.

I know a banke where the wilde time blowes,
Where *Oxslips* and the nodding *Violet* growes,
Quite ouer-cannop'd with luscious woodbine,
With sweet muske roses, and with *Eglantine*;
There sleeps *Tytania*, sometime of the night,
Lul'd in these flowers, with dances and delight:
And there the snake throwes her enammel'd skinnie,
Weed wide enough to rap a Fairy in.
And with the iuyce of this Ile streak her eyes,
And make her full of hatefull fantasies.
Take thou some of it, and seek through this groue;
A sweet *Athenian* Lady is in loue
With a disdainfull youth: anoint his eyes,
But doe it when the next thing he espies,
May be the Lady. Thou shalt know the man,
By the *Athenian* garments he hath on.
Effect it with some care, that he may proue
More fond on her, then she vpon her loue;
And looke thou meet me ere the first Cocke crow.

Pu. Feare not my Lord, your seruant shall do so. *Exit.*

Enter Queen of Fairies, with her traine.

Queen. Come, now a Roundell, and a Fairy song;
Then for the third part of a minute hence,
Some to kill Cankers in the muske rose buds,
Some warre with Reremise, for their leathern wings,
To make my small Elues coates, and some keepe backe
The clamorous Owle that nightly hoots and wonders
At our quaint spirits: Sing me now asleepe,
Then to your offices, and let me rest.

Fairies Sing.

*You spotted Snakes with double tongue,
Thorny Hedgehogges be not sene,
Newts and blinde wormes do no wrong,
Come not nere our Fairy Queene.
Philomele with melody,*

Sing in your sweet Lullaby.

*Lulla, lulla, lullaby, lulla, lulla, lullaby,
Newer harme, nor spell, nor charme,
Come our lonely Lady nye,
So good night with Lullaby.*

*2. Fairy. Weaning Spiders come not nere,
Hence you long leg'd Spinners, hence:
Beetles blacks approach not nere;
Worme nor Snayle doe no offence.
Philomele with melody, &c.*

*1. Fairy. Hence away, now all is well;
One aloofe, stand Centinell.*

Shee sleeps.

Enter Oberon.

Ober. What thou see'st when thou dost wake,
Doe it for thy true Loue take:
Loue and languish for his sake.
Be it Ounce, or Catte, or Beare,
Pard, or Boare with bristled haire,
In thy eye that shall appeare,
When thou wak'st, it is thy deare,
Wake when some vile thing is nere.

Enter Lysander and Hermia.

Lys. Faire loue, you faint with wandring in y woods,
And to speake troth I haue forgot our way:
Wee'll rest vs *Hermia*, if you thinke it good,
And tarry for the comfort of the day.

Her. Be it so *Lysander*; finde you out a bed,
For I vpon this banke will rest my head.

Lys. One turfe shall serue as pillow for vs both,
One heart, one bed, two bosomes, and one troth.

Her. Nay good *Lysander*, for my sake my deere
Lie further off yet, doe not lie so nere.

Lys. O take the fence sweet, of my innocence,
Loue takes the meaning, in loues conference,
I meane that my heart vnto yours is knit,
So that but one heart can you make of it.
Two bosomes interchanged with an oath,
So then two bosomes, and a single troth.
Then by your side, no bed-roome me deny,
For lying so, *Hermia*, I doe not lye.

Her. *Lysander* riddles very prettily;
Now much beshrew my manners and my pride;
If *Hermia* meant to say, *Lysander* lied.
But gentle friend, for loue and courtesie
Lie further off, in humane modesty,
Such separation, as may well be said,
Becomes a vertuous batchelour, and a maide,
So farre be distant, and good night sweet friend;
Thy loue nere alter, till thy sweet life end.

Lys. Amen, amen, to that faire prayer, say I,
And then end life, when I end loyalty:
Heere is my bed, sleepe giue thee all his rest.

Her. With halfe that wish, the withers eyes be prest.

Enter Pucke.

They sleepe.

Puck. Through the Forrest haue I gone,
But *Athenian* finde I none,
One whose eyes I might approue
This flowers force in stirring loue.
Night and silence: who is heere?
Weedes of *Athen* he doth weare:
This is he (my master said)
Despised the *Athenian* maide:
And heere the maiden sleeping found,

On the danke and durty ground.
Pretty soule, she durst not lye
Nere this lacke-loue, this kill-curtisie.
Churle, vpon thy eyes I throw
All the power this charme doth owe:
When thou wak'st, let loue forbid
Sleepe his seate on thy eye-lid.
So awake when I am gone:
For I must now to *Oberon*.

Exit.

Enter Demetrius and Helena running.

Hel. Stay, though thou kill me, sweete *Demetrius*.
De. I charge thee hence, and do not haunt me thus.
Hel. O wilt thou darkling leaue me? do not so.
De. Stay on thy perill, I alone will goe.

Exit Demetrius.

Hel. O I am out of breath, in this fond chase,
The more my prayer, the lesse is my grace,
Happy is *Hermia*, wherefore she lies;
For she hath blessed and attractiue eyes.
How came her eyes so bright? Not with salt teares.
If so, my eyes are oftner wash't then hers.
No, no, I am as vgly as a Beare;

For beafts that meete me, runne away for feare,
Therefore no maruaile, though *Demetrius*
Doe as a monster, flie my presence thus.
What wicked and dissembling glasse of mine,
Made me compare with *Hermias* sphery eyne?
But who is here? *Lysander* on the ground;
Deade or asleepe? I see no blood, no wound,
Lysander, if you liue, good fir awake.

Lys. And run through fire I will for thy sweet sake.
Transparent *Helena*, nature her shewes art,
That through thy bosome makes me see thy heart.
Where is *Demetrius*? oh how fit a word
Is that vile name, to perish on my sword!

Hel. Do not say so *Lysander*, say not so:
What though he loue your *Hermia*? Lord, what thought?
Yet *Hermia* still loues you; then be content.

Lys. Content with *Hermia*? No, I do repent
The tedious minutes I with her haue spent.
Not *Hermia*, but *Helena* now I loue;

Who will not change a Rauens for a *Doue*?
The will of man is by his reason sway'd:
And reason saies you are the worthier Maide.
Things growing are not ripe vntill their season;
So I being yong, till now ripe not to reason,
And touching now the point of humane skill,
Reason becomes the Marshall to my will,
And leades me to your eyes, where I orelooke
Loues stories, written in Loues richest booke.

Hel. Wherefore was I to this keene mockery borne?
When at your hands did I deserue this scorne?

Ist not enough, ist not enough, yong man,
That I did neuer, no nor neuer can,
Deserue a sweete looke from *Demetrius* eye,
But you must flout my insufficiency?
Good troth you do me wrong (good-sooth you do)
In such disdainfull manner, me to wooe.
But fare you well; perforce I must confesse,
I thought you Lord of more true gentleness.
Oh, that a Lady of one mans refus'd,
Should of another therefore be abus'd.

Exit.

Lys. She sees not *Hermia*: *Hermia* sleepe thou there,
And neuer maist thou come *Lysander* nere;

For as a surfeit of the

The deepest loathing
Or as the heresies that
Are hated most of those
So thou, my surfeit, an
Of all be hated; but th
And all my powers ad
To honour *Helena*, and
Her. Helpe me *Lys*
To plucke this crawling
Aye me, for pittie; wha
Lysander looke, how I
Me-thought a serpent
And yet sat smiling at
Lysander, what remou
What, out of hearing, g
Alacke where are you?
Speake of all loues; I
No, then I well percei
Either death or you lle

Actus

Enter th

Bot. Are we all me
Quin. Par, par, an
place for our rehear
stage, this hauthorne b
do it in action, as we
Bot. Peter quince?
Peter. What faist
Bot. There are thing
Thibby, that will neuer
sword to kill himselfe;
How answer you that
Snout. Berlaken, a p
Star. I beleue we
all is done.

Bot. Not a whit, I
Write me a Prologue, a
we will do no harme w
is not kill'd indeede:
tell them, that I *Piramu*
Weauer; this will pur
Quin. Well, we will
be written in eight an
Bot. No, make it tw
and eight.

Snout. Will not the
Star. I feare it, I pr
Bot. Masters, you oug
bring in (God shield v
dreadfull thing. For t
foule then your *Lyon*
to it.
Snout. Therefore an
a *Lyon*.
Bot. Nay, you must
must be seene through
must speake through
Ladies, or faire Ladies